

# THE IOLA REGISTER.

Published Every Friday.

IOLA. KANSAS.

## HARD TIMES.

HARD TIMES! and so they be, honey; cupboard and hearth are bare. We can scarcely hold the kettle, with the wood that's gathered there. Nay, then, must I touch the brass? Is that for the rent, thou know'st, I'd have perished here at home, than live on't best 't House.

I've never troubled the parish yet, and I've none so long to wait. And meek things 'll be better, now 'tiron's got out. But I've had harder times than this; whilst thou wilt rest now I could make sleep my supper when I was as young as thou.

I have had harder times, I say, the body may pine and spare. But when the heart is famishing it's a bitterer thing to bear. Come nap thyself a blanket; I'll tell thee o'er my tale. 'Twill make a better husband than the call of the rising gale.

Thou think'st a deal on thy golden curls and those blue eyes of thine; I tell thee, lass, at their brightest they never matched with mine. Aye, I hear thee, laugh at it please thou, I know what my Willie said, Art thou to mock at his judgment, because he's cold and dead?

It was a summer morning when I stood out there on 't pier. And tried to laugh as brave as eglar, and tried to join the cheer. As the Lecta swept o'er the harbor bar, and her sail flew out o' breeze, And I sat and trim like a bird she went, over the treacherous sea.

And Willie went o'er the bows, and waved his hand to me. And heid the 't I'd goen him up, for all 't crowd to see; And when I'd watched the last on her, I turned up this very court. To see my wedding duds, again the Lecta rode in port.

Bairn, summer glow'd to autumn; autumn to winter pale'd. It was six long, weary months last from the day the Lecta sailed. And two and two should I see her back, and hope was sinking down, And never a word to the yearning hearts that waited in the town.

But worse than cold or cleming were those weary, watching days. While the wild wind swept the angry seas; or the cruel crawling haze Hid even the great gray tossing waste, where 'd stare from dawn to dark. Just for a chance on the far faint line of the sail of a home-bound bark.

Day by day and week by week, and month by month dragged past. And hope died out, and cold despair turned o'er the page at last; The silent doom hung heavily, till, like a funeral pall, "Missing, the Lecta, and all hands," closed slowly overall.

And now, a bitter woman, lonely and old I sit, Beside this barren hearth of mine, and tell a bairn of it! Hard times! thou hast to bear a bit; but get away! thou't young. There's hope in each rising sun for thee, and joy in a glowing tongue.

Wait till thou know'st that thou might'st weep, and not a soul to heed. That thou might'st die and none to mourn, die like a useless weed. Wait, till time all of love and life lies in you wild wide sea. Then dare to even woes, and come to 'plain "hard times" to me.

—All the Year Round.

## THE FULL PARTICULARS.

To THINK that you should really be here, Irene, after all these years, and that things generally should be just as they are—it is all so strange! And yet, at the same time it is not strange at all, for how could anything else have been my very own life?

I know I must have written you a good deal about people and things when I first came home from school. And I dare say I wrote you about the neighbors, of John Powers and the Gardners, and the church (Jim used to sing in the boy choir), and—most likely I wrote you a good deal about—well, about the music and the organist. Did I say a great deal, Irene, and did you believe it all? What did you really think when it turned out so? Honestly, you know, it was as much the music as anything, for he could play—he could seem to put a living soul into those organ-pipes. And then he was handsome, too; not in a sturdy, flesh-and-blood fashion like Jim, but slender and pale, with slim, white hands and a fine-cut mouth. I used to imagine he was just a little like the pictures of Frederick Robertson—he had something of that refined, spiritual look when I saw him first. And Arthur Lawrie is a good name you know, and I always had my fancies about names. Just imagine a girl in the full possession of her senses becoming Mrs. Uriah Hodskin! That's what my cousin did.

You never lived in the house with another family, Irene. Well, there are disadvantages in it, of course; you are more than ever at the mercy of Fate in the way of neighbors, and you feel obliged to hush up the boys' fraternal disagreements for the sake of the family reputation; but then there are advantages in it, too. I shall always count it among my mercies that the Steeles lived in the other half of the house, and that Arthur Lawrie came to board with them. You remember his picture that I sent you? I was really more than half offended when you said you didn't like it—that you thought he was selfish. I used to keep that picture in a box in my bureau drawer, under all my ribbons, and one day when the Jaffrey girls were here and I sent Jim upstairs for a handkerchief, what on earth did the child do but come down and say, "Will this one do? It's got a hole in it—and say, Winnie, where'd you get that picture of Mr. Lawrie? Did he give it to you?" And there sat Helen Jaffrey, and didn't I long to shake him! I saw a great deal of Arthur Lawrie that winter; there were a good many young people at St. Mark's, and we had fairs and tableaux and all sorts of good times. Yes, I did have a delightful time, for you know it is pleasant to be in your teens, and not so very plain, and have people like you pretty well. Honestly, Irene, I never knew a vainer girl than I was; not conceited, you understand, but just hungry for every word and look that should show that anybody cared. I think it wasn't very strange that I should have drifted as I did; you wouldn't wonder if you could have heard him talk—perhaps I should say seen him talk, for his manner was as much as anything. All the girls were more or less interested in him; everybody admired his talent. What could a foolish girl like Winnifred Guest do but fall in love with her guest? (Isn't it horrible to be telling this all over now? But

you know I have never told the whole story to anybody but one. Mother knew, and I think she was pretty anxious for a while.)

As I said before, there were a good many of us young people and we had a pleasant winter. Most of the others were old friends and neighbors, John Powers and the Gardners and the Edison girls and the rest. John and I had always been good friends; we had had but one real, genuine quarrel that I can remember, and that was my own fault. It was years and years ago, about something or other that I did at school or was planning to do, and it wasn't exactly honest and he said so, and I was dreadfully angry. I wouldn't speak to him for a week afterward, and then I was so ashamed I couldn't stand it any longer, and I told him I knew it was mean and I shouldn't really do it. "I knew you wouldn't," he said, and let's go skating," said he, and that was the end of it. I dare say he hasn't thought of it since, but somehow I never forgot it. I liked John, of course; I knew him so well that he seemed almost like the boys at home, and of course I enjoyed being with him and talking with him in a certain way, but then he was only John Powers, and, well, he certainly didn't have Arthur Lawrie's music or his eyes or his graceful manners, and—I was a romantic little goose. What could you expect? I didn't snub John, you know; I went out with him sometimes, and I tried to make it pleasant for him when he came in of an evening, as he used to do pretty often at first; but if now and then I rode down to the Port with Arthur Lawrie instead, or he came in and found Arthur playing on the venerable piano down-stairs—oh, Irene, he used to play such delightful things! Well, it often happened so about John and Arthur; I liked them both, you know, and I knew they both liked me in a way, and so—

I don't know. What do you mean by flirtation, Irene? Perhaps so, though there was no malice about it at all; only wanted to have a good time. I did feel sorry after a while when John gradually left off asking me to go skating, and didn't come over in the evening so often as he used to, but it didn't matter so much, because I saw a good deal—yes, a great deal of Arthur. I'm ashamed to say it, but I never was half so particular about church going—partly for the church of course, but partly for the music, and sometimes to look after Jim.

Our pew was down in front, just where I could always see the organist. I remember his profile used to come just over one of the carved oak panels, and he looked like a picture, with his fine, clear-cut face and his musical expression. Not that I sat and watched him all the time, either.

And then, Irene, he always had that way of treating you as if you were an angel, and you know one does like that, even along with the consciousness of being a miserable little sinner; and—though he was never what one would call obtrusively religious, still he could say a great many nice things about unselfishness and renunciation of personal aims and all that. And, my dear, I believed in him as thoroughly as I did in the rector.

It was the next spring that there was a little talk of his leaving St. Mark's and going to Albany, and we half expected he would go, though nobody knew. One afternoon a party of us went up in the woods behind the county farm to get May flowers. I remember John didn't go, for he was in the office at Brown and Grover's then, and had to work like everything. The air was warm as June. We two were a little behind the others coming back; he was carrying my basket and looked a good deal more sober than usual.

"How can you," said I, "with all those flowers, and such a sunset in your face?" And he said he was wondering if it would be the last time he should go—Maying in those woods and with the same companion.

"And are you really going away, then?" said I. Somehow it made me rather sober, too, and I suppose I showed it more than I meant, for he turned and looked down at me—he was tall and slender. "Should you care a bit, Miss Winnifred, if I did go?" he said, in that pathetic little way of his. He had been talking just a few evenings before about the beauty of loving our friends faithfully and without demands, even though they might never care one-half so much for us. I couldn't help remembering it, and I suppose I blushed and said of course I should care—a little—and then—well, the end of it was that he didn't go. (I found out afterward it was because he quarreled with the Albany church about the salary.)

Of all unconsciously blissful little idiots I suppose I was a shining example. There was no public engagement, in fact he never actually and in so many words said so very much about a home or a wedding-day, but he talked a great deal about companionship and sympathy and the fine capabilities of a woman's nature for general sweetness and light—and I used to play to me by the hour, and talk machinery with father and praise Jim's voice to mother—and I used to sit and think how refined and pale and handsome he was. And then, you know, he came to board with the Steeles in the other half of the house.

Mind you, I don't say that the next twelvemonth didn't bring some revelations to Arthur Lawrie as well as to me. I don't pretend to be a saint, and I was very, very far from it then; but of course I can't really judge of the other side—all I know is that it was with my own self like the "King of France, with forty thousand men," who "marched up a hill, and then—marched down again." There was nothing tragic about it (I think I should have liked a tragedy better). It wasn't falling in love with a hero, and finding out that he was a villain who had committed two or three interesting and horrible crimes, but simply waking up to the fact that he was at heart a very commonplace mortal, with a most commonplace love of his own gentlemanly self. And it didn't come all at once either, as the news of a murder or a forgery or a forsaken sweetheart might have done; it was only that I grew better acquainted with him, as people must when they live within the same four walls, and gradually and little by little the ideal prince faded out. And then Mrs. Steele was a tremendous gossip and little Fred was Jim's inseparable companion, and I absolutely couldn't help hearing about various small items

now and then; nothing very dreadful, as I said before, but simply disenchancing. You couldn't imagine "John Halifax" spending twenty minutes over the arrangement of his hair and necktie, or "Adam Bede" sleeping late in the morning and being sulky and disagreeable because the rolls had grown drier in the meantime; and if it weren't for the fact that Enid trudged down town with a market-basket while Enid and Geraint discoursed at home of princely topics, I never would believe that a knight of the Round Table could be so sublimely indifferent as he was to the inconvenience and thankless pains of woman-kind at home! Now, Arthur Lawrie always carried my shawl and opened the door for me and gave me the easiest chair, and he would have done the same for Helen Jaffrey or any of the other girls if it had happened so.

Things went on in that way for a long time; I was proud and didn't want to own even to myself how much I'd been mistaken, or that a fine-cut face and those magic fingers weren't enough to make a woman happy. Perhaps they might be enough for some women, but you must remember I was vain as well as romantic, and the prospect of settling down to admire my husband's talents and wait upon him forty years or so with the privilege of admiration for reward didn't seem so very alluring. I never said much to Arthur—somehow one couldn't have the face to criticize him directly—and he played to me and we read German together, but I kept up all the time a sober thinking. I didn't write to you very often then—somehow I didn't know what to say; I was just waiting to find out fairly where I stood; and it was that October that brought my fate.

I suppose it is partly because of the crisis it brought, and partly because I've told so many people the story of how it happened, but I can remember every single thing about that day as clearly as if it were only yesterday. I remember just how I ran up and down stairs that morning; I never felt more completely well and strong; and how Mrs. Steele came dragging herself up after me. She said her side was very bad that morning, and I said I was sorry; and I was sorry, but I understood about as much of how she felt as a squirrel would in the top of a beech-tree.

We started off, a dozen or so in all, just after dinner. I gave Will Hollowell my Scotch plaid circular and he wore it all the way over to Sanborn's Hill. John went with us, too, that day; he took Nelly Gardner's cousin in his care—she was visiting Nelly at the time—a Miss Something or other, Harrington, I think. Arthur had Helen Jaffrey's basket, and they were away up in the clouds somewhere in company with Beethoven or Mozart—Helen was wise in music and I never was. If you've ever been nuzzling you know what fun it is. The grove had been used by picnic parties the summer before, and there was an old swing, forgotten and still left hanging from the limb of a great hemlock. George Edison was swinging me; it was delightful, with a long, outward sweep that made you feel like a bird.

"Oh—just a little higher," said I, catching my breath with delight. "No," said John very decidedly, "don't send her any higher, George." But he did give just one more tremendous push, and laughed and said "let the old cat die" after that, and I went once more sailing up, and out, and farther into space. You know what happened next. I heard a sort of cracking, snapping sound just as I was starting to come back—I heard Nelly Gardner scream—and the next I knew I was falling.

You know how horrible that feeling is in a dream? It isn't much pleasanter in reality. It seemed hours instead of seconds before I touched the ground. I remembered every single thing I ever did. There was a sudden terror in it all—and then there came a blinding crash of pain and I supposed I was dead.

They told me afterward John carried me, in a limp, white bundle, down to Deacon Sanborn's, and they sent for a carriage and a doctor and finally got me home. Arthur was almost faint himself at the sight of blood, and even if it hadn't been for that he never could have carried me down that steep, rough hillside, for he was slender and light and wasn't used to more violent exercise than organ voluntaries and dancing. Now, I love to dance, and always did—but still—but of course he wasn't to blame for that.

I'll spare you an account of the weeks that followed, Irene. I saw nobody for weeks but father and mother and Doctor Spear—such a bundle of quivering nerves! Still, you know the novelty wears off from everything. Happiness grows to be an old story after a while, and so I found it was with pain. I used to lie there flat upon my aching back and try to imagine how I could ever have awoke in the morning from sound sleep to any sort of comfort in being alive. I couldn't bear to see anybody, or do anything but think how miserable I was. It set my nerves on edge to hear the children laugh, or to be asked a single question; in fact I was the most exacting and querulous and dismal invalid you ever saw.

Arthur Lawrie? Oh, yes, he was in town, but he left the Steeles and went somewhere else to board because he couldn't use the piano there on account of me. I don't wonder that he found it pleasant at the Gardners'. As for my ever caring about that matter of Nelly Gardner, you know whether that made any difference to me. He used to come in to see me sometimes when I got over the first unwillingness to see anybody—but it didn't amount to anything—we both knew it didn't, and that we really never belonged to each other; and so, finally, when he was going away to a new situation in Providence, I felt sure it would be better to say so plainly and have it over. I gave him back the ring I had worn till the day of the accident, and told him I knew that whatever might possibly have been but for that day was out of the question now, even if I had cared a great deal for him; but that I knew my feeling had really changed beside, and so it was best every way. And of course he protested a little and was pathetic a little, and somehow managed to leave me with the impression that he had in some way been very magnanimous and self-sacrificing to give me up.

And after he was gone I did miss him—yes, I did. I felt sure that in real

honest truth he was glad to go away a free man, but somehow I felt sorry and forsaken. "My doll was stuffed with seaweed," and I knew it—but it was a handsome doll that everybody admired, and I had once been very fond of it. What wonder if I spent some sentimental sorrow over its destruction?

I don't know now just how it was that I ever came to think of any better way of spending the weeks and months than in moaning and groaning over my own troubles. I began to smooth out a few of the wrinkles then, and I saw the girls and tried to talk with them; and I let Elsie stay with me sometimes instead of mother. And John came in to see me too.

Now you know "there's as much difference in folks as there is in anybody." In some people a strong physical constitution almost irritates an invalid, it seems so coarse-fibered and obtrusive. One doesn't look for fine shades of sympathy in a trained athlete. But you see John was strong all over every way; just like his name—"John Powers." It wasn't simply that he could lift heavier weights than the others, or merely that he was a fine scholar and knew just what he knew to the end of creation—but he was strong in these and in the best way of all beside—somehow just that sort of man whom one would trust and ask for help; not in a sentimental way, exactly, for he was no more sentimental than handsome.

Why, no, I don't call him handsome, and I'm glad of it; I don't like handsome men. His nose isn't straight, and his eyebrows are too heavy, but—Irene—you're laughing at me!

John's little visits did me a world of good. It was a delightful relapse into cheerfulness during those spring weeks; I thought they were going on forever, or at least until I grew to be a marvel of serenity and saintliness; but they didn't, for in the last of May John went to New York, and I thought I should—never mind—only that did seem to me pretty hard to bear. He had never really come to the stage of lovehood, and never put on any air of being slighted or jealous in the days of Arthur Lawrie, and I liked him all the better for it. But now, you see, it was carrying the matter too far. I felt sure he cared nothing for me after all in any but the most utterly commonplace way, and though I knew it was thoroughly just, it cut me to the heart, for I had come to care a great deal for him. I thought I should die, the day he went away.

To make a long story short, then, I fell back into the Slough of Despond.

We got through the winter somehow—the machine-works were opened once more—oh, and John used to write to me; not love-letters (I'll show you some of them by and by) but the best letters you ever saw. I began to think I did have a good many happy things after all, though, once in a while, when I imagined perhaps John would get married some time and settle down in New York—and bring his wife to call on me when he came home in a summer vacation—it seemed to me I never could bear that.

And then, after all the rest . . . . You've heard of Doctor Rothenhanse! He has performed a great many operations in just such cases. (To think, Irene, of being regarded in the bony light of a "case!") We had heard of him, and it was partly on that account that father worked so hard on his model, for he wanted to get the money together and send for this surgeon from Philadelphia. But somehow everything went against it; his model wouldn't work when he got it done, and it didn't seem likely that I'd see the owner of that long name for a good while yet. But one day in the last of February there came this letter from the doctor himself, saying that he had been requested from Boston to come on to see the young lady and so forth, and would it be convenient to appoint such a day? And he came. He looked a good deal; he talked very little; and—there's no use in going through the long particulars of the long affair; and though at first I hardly dared to hope, you see it did come true. Oh, Irene! if I could tell you a hundredth part of the happiness there was in getting well once more! You know a little of what it is in an ordinary illness—there's nothing more delicious than a steady convalescence, when you feel a little more strength as each week passes; but when you've been so helpless for so long, and find you are really going to live again, along with the sweet, new freshness of a country spring—

It wasn't three months after the doctor came that father did something more to his model that made it just right, so that he got the patent. And I assure you we felt as rich as if we owned the whole United States. Uncle Gershorn wrote a very odd letter about the doctor; acted as if he was ashamed to think we knew he did it; but he was always queer, so we didn't think it so very strange. John's plans were accepted for a new Court-house, and brought him a great deal of money at the same time. He came home for almost the whole summer. It could have been nothing but happy for me, for John was here, and I saw what meant to me the very best thing of all. No, I don't know whether I'll tell you just how it happened. It was one evening in the fall. I was in the big arm-chair and he had started to go and he came and stood beside me. I think we neither of us said much; he was so near.

"Oh, John!" said I, "I don't see how you can!"

"My dear!" said he—and that was the end of it.

I never knew for a long time afterward about that matter of Uncle Gershorn, but I did find out wholly by accident that it was John himself who sent the doctor, as he had sent the chair before, and how it was more for that than anything else that he had gone to New York and worked so hard.

"I had known it I never would marry you in all the world," said I. "But you'll have to now, or be sued for breach of promise," said John, trying to look resigned.—Mabel S. Emery, in Good Company.

A WIDOW residing in the vicinity of Lake George, N. Y., has adopted a novel but very successful method of filling her ice-house. She places a number of milk pans containing spring water out of doors at night and in the morning packs the frozen chunks away, solidifying the same by pouring water over it and leaving the door of the ice-house open.

## KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

Summary of Proceedings.

TOPEKA, Wednesday, Feb. 23. Bills passed by the Senate were—To locate and endow a State Normal School at Concordia; for the relief of certain purchasers of State Normal School lands. The Senate Texas Cattle bill was approved in Committee; also, the bill creating a Board of Commissioners for the World's Fair in 1893, with an appropriation of \$10,000. The Committee on Public Lands recommended the purchase of more land for the Topeka Insane Asylum.

The House spent the most of the day in Committee of the Whole and disposed of a number of bills, among them the bill for the protection of cattle against contagious diseases, and the bill to provide for the assessment and collection of taxes, both of which were recommended for passage. The latter bill is intended as a check upon parties who drive their cattle out upon the frontier and into the unorganized counties for the purpose of avoiding the payment of taxes. It also provides that all property of banks or bankers, brokers, insurance and other companies, and all kinds of manufactures and mines shall be taxed where such property is located.

THURSDAY, Feb. 24. The Senate defeated the resolution to purchase portraits of John Brown and Gov. Reeder. The consideration of the House resolution to adjourn on March 1 was postponed until March 2. The World's Fair bill passed. The Judiciary Committee reported a substitute for the House concurrent resolution relating to location of general land offices of the Kansas Pacific Railway, and with it an amendment by a minority of the committee. The Congressional Apportionment Committee reported a bill embracing a plan for six districts.

The House in Committee of the Whole recommended for passage the Reform School bill and appropriations for the Leavenworth Orphan Asylum of \$5,000, for the Home for Friendless Women, \$4,000, and for the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, \$4,000.

FRIDAY, Feb. 25. The Senate passed, with an amendment, the House bill providing for registration at county seat elections. An effort to place Senator Funtun's Railroad bill on third reading was defeated. The Legislative Appropriation bill was taken up by the Committee of the Whole, and after a long discussion the committee rose and the bill took its place upon the calendar with the second section stricken out. The bill to amend the Liquor law was brought up, when Senator Buchanan raised the point of order that no law could be passed to amend another law passed at the same session. The matter went over.

The House in Committee approved the appropriation to S. J. Crawford, State Agent, of about \$60,000, for prosecuting military claims and percentage on sale of Indian reserve lands. The Militia Appropriation bill was defeated by a minority of the committee. The Railroad Commission bill was amended, limiting the time of the Commission to one hundred days, at five dollars per day, and a majority of 20. Appropriation bills for the Leavenworth Orphan Asylum, the State Reform School, and for State printing, were passed.

SATURDAY, Feb. 26. A resolution was introduced in the State for sine die adjournment March 4. The supplemental Prohibition bill passed. Under its provisions wine and cider can be made without any restrictions, but can be sold only to those having a permit. Amendments permitting the sale of liquor by druggists to reputable persons for medical purposes, without a prescription from a doctor, and also for sacramental purposes, were rejected. Senator Blue entered his protest against the passage of the bill for the reasons that the bill is unconstitutional; that it had not been read through after amendment; and for the further reason that it purports to take effect at once, while the law it amends does not take effect until March 1.

The House, in Committee, approved the appropriation for the Reform School. Much time was spent in considering the Printing bill, extravagance being charged against some officials who have the ordering of the work done by the State Printer. The bill was referred to the Committee on Printing. The appropriation for the Leavenworth Orphan Asylum, the Home for the Friendless, and St. Vincent Orphan Asylum passed; also the bill to amend the Liquor law, and the bill to amend the Liquor law, and the bill to amend the Liquor law.

MONDAY, Feb. 28. The Senate postponed indefinitely the further consideration of the Apportionment bill, for the reason that as Congress has not yet acted upon the matter, no definite action can be taken by the State Legislature. The Senate concurrent resolution, providing for adjournment sine die on March 4 was adopted. The resolution memorializing Congress to take up the bill for the relief of the Indian Territory to the M. E. & T. Railroad, and a bill to amend the Liquor law, were taken up in Committee of the Whole, and the State Horticultural Society, Plague, Blind Institute and State Insane Asylum bills were recommended for passage. Bills were passed—making provision for criminal cases payable by counties; requiring Road Overseers to keep down noxious weeds along public highways, and amend the law relating to the changing the time of meeting of County Commissioners to the same time as provided in the laws of 1885.

In the House the Legislative Apportionment bill was completed in Committee of the Whole and some minor bills disposed of.

TUESDAY, March 1.

The Senate passed the Insane Asylum, Blind Asylum and Horticultural Society Appropriation bills; also, the bill taxing dogs, and the bill providing for a Commissioner, to be appointed by the Governor, and also a clerk, to travel over the State and inspect the jails, etc., and report to the Governor.

The House passed the Legislative Apportionment bill and the bill chartering cities of the first class. The special order, the Appropriation bill, was then taken up in Committee of the Whole and partially disposed of. The Senate concurrent resolution to adjourn sine die at noon on March 4 was concurred in.

The Supreme Court on the Constitutional Amendment. TOPEKA, Feb. 22. The Supreme Court to-day filed its opinion upon the Constitutional Amendment relating to the prohibition of intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage, submitted to the election of the State at the November election of 1890, and also as to the effect of such amendment upon existing laws relating to sale of intoxicating liquors. The Court holds that the proposed amendment was legally adopted and is a part of the Constitution of the State of Kansas. The Court also holds that the defendants in the case of the Supreme Court of the United States that the State has the right to prohibit the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors for sale as a beverage.

A majority of the Court Chief Justice Horan and Mr. Justice Valentine, hold that the Constitutional Amendment does not repeal the Dram-shop act in toto, but only repeals it so far as that act authorized licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. From this construction the penalties of the Dram-shop act are in force in all cases where sales are made of intoxicating liquors for use as a beverage. Justice Valentine, upon this point holds that the Constitutional Amendment is a substitute for all former laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, and upon its adoption as a part of the Constitution of the State the Dram-shop act ceased to have any effect. In all cases before the Court questioning the conviction of the defendants for violation of the dram-shop law the Court sustains the judgments of the District Court.

A PHYSICIAN at Atlanta, Ga., who contemplates removing to New York, says that he compared the operations he performed in Georgia, last year, with the prices charged by a prominent surgeon in New York, and found that at New York prices he had done seventy thousand dollars worth of work. How little he was paid is not told.

VENKON, the weather prophet, is described as "a red-headed man of about thirty-five years—a weather-beaten fellow, who has been surveying and exploring in Canada since 1865." He is a naturalist and is now engaged in getting up a book on "The Birds of Canada."

## SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

JOSEPH ALBERT, the renowned Munich photographer, has invented a new process by which it is said that he is enabled to produce pictures of persons and objects with the finest shades of their natural color.

The various urban sanitary authorities of England and Wales have expended no less an amount than \$75,000,000 during the last five years in works of a sanitary nature, and judging from the steadily decreasing death-rates of the period, it is implied that the large sum has been judiciously laid out. The example is one that might well be followed, and that with profit, by many localities in this country.

A REMARKABLE bed of kaoline, covering an area of eighty acres and of a considerable depth, has been discovered near Bremond, Tex. A factory for the manufacture of the article into porcelain ware has been established at New Orleans, and it is said is turning out work fully equal to that made from imported kaoline, and which will compare favorably with ware made in Europe and other foreign countries.

The number of elementary substances recognized in chemistry has now reached over 64, though for many years past it has been expected that this number would be diminished rather than increased by the discovery that these supposed elementary substances are really various compounds of a few. Spectroscopic observations and chemical mathematics can be made to demonstrate that probably the four remarkable substances, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon, constitute the whole earth and its inhabitants.

ACCORDING to the *Chronique Industrielle*, considerable quantities of beautiful objects of artificial amber are now being produced in Vienna, and sold as of real amber. The substance employed is chiefly copalony, or resin, obtained by decomposition of turpentine, though several other ingredients are used to give it the requisite qualities. The imitation is so perfect that the product has the electric properties of true amber. Ingenious manufacturers have even introduced into the substance foreign bodies, insects, etc., to make the similarity more striking.

## FITH AND POINT.

SOME of the most timid girls are not frightened by a loud bang.—*Louell Citizen.*

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Two bits in the West means a quarter of a dollar."—*St. Louis paper.* In the East it means death to the dog.—*New York Graphic.*

A GREAT many people owe their gentlemanly appearance to their clothes, and a great many owe their clothes to the tailor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ADVERTISING is a good deal like fishing, the more lines you throw out the more you are apt to catch. But be judicious; do not throw out bait that cannot be swallowed.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The art of living on nothing while doing a good business. Political economy.—The art of always keeping on the right side of the party in power. Social economy.—The art of living off somebody doing a good business, without doing any business yourself.—*Toronto Grip.*

"Why should a red cow give white milk?" was the subject for discussion in a suburban agricultural club. After an hour's debate the secretary of the meeting was instructed to milk the cow and bring in a decision according to the merits of the milk. It was blue.—*New Haven Register.*

A WELL-TO-DO farmer strode into a jewelry store at Muncie, a few days ago, and paid for a ring he confessed to have stolen from the proprietor fifteen years ago. He said he had "been in hell" ever since. If it took fifteen years of it to goad him up to paying for that ring, it can't be such a bad place as it has been made out.—*Boston Post.*

George Eliot.

The author of "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Middlemarch," and "Daniel Deronda" was a woman of extraordinary insight and reasoning power, with a mental training and comprehensive acquaintance which, without her imaginative genius, would have made her famous not only among women, but among all contemporaries. There is some disposition, accordingly, and naturally, to underestimate her high and beautiful imagination. But if the lofty company of "Shakespeare's women," as Shelley called them, received no real addition until Scott's Jeanie Deans, has there been any such permanent and noble accession to their society since Jeanie Deans as Dinah and Romola? Dickens's women are amusing; Thackeray's Becky Sharp is an enduring figure of its kind; Jane Eyre is pathetic, and a lovely through flutter through all the lesser novels; but for mingled dignity, intelligence, pathos and supreme womanliness, the range of our imaginative literature shows no nobler forms than Dinah and Romola.

Miss Burney, Miss Austen, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot are the chief Englishwomen among the novelists, and unquestionably the one of greatest power is she who lately died. The distinctions among them are absolutely marked. The first two conformed to Scott's assertion that the business of the story-teller is to amuse; the last two were inspired by the humane desire of great souls not only to amuse but to assist mankind. How far this desire is a constituent element of creative genius, and whether, if the moral purpose be excluded severely from art, the moral result is not more surely attained, we need not now consider. It is very possibly true. It is possible that Scott will outlive the distinctively humane school, and that he and Shakespeare and Homer are moral only as nature is moral, and therefore more deeply and effectively moral than any other literary influence can be. But none the less the great genius which was lately withdrawn from us, and which will be always known in literary history as George Eliot, will be always honored also as one of the greatest literary forces in our common language.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine.*